



Scars



👁 41 ✓ 1 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by Amelia Rose

I have a lot of scars on my body. Ones on my knees from the time I skidded through gravel too quickly for my skin to handle and ended up with deep cuts all over me from sharp rocks. There are some on my stomach from places where knives and bullets have hit me. One on my hip from being stabbed by a stick.

I've never had a burn scar before.

Chapter 2 by Nemi Dork



It was such a little one too. Small. Smaller than my smallest nail.

And perfectly round.

Like all of my scars it's from an accident, a mistake. I didn't check the floorplans well enough, I tripped, I trusted the wrong Blender for my mixes and instead of being flat on their backs the suits were after me.

I suppose this was also the result of a mistake...but it was no accident. She had brought down his cigstick quite deliberately.

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"Did you get the data?"

"Of course. Someone has to be competent around her," Thirn replied, bounding effortlessly beside me on all fours. "Catch!"

One of her syms, little mechanical drones that attached themselves to her thick dorsal scales shifted and made a jump for me, just as eager and able to cling to my much softer flesh. "Copy?" A nod. "Anything else loaded up on this?"

"Door hacks, and a cutting tool, limited charge, be careful. Even though I know you suck at that."

"Love you too, ferret. Meet you at the redoubt?" Which was to say, don't meet me there, see you with the Cybercane gang. I was on good terms with their chopjock: he could fish the bullet out of my arm--I hadn't gone down easy for their insade-T to start with her Torture, after all.

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